

WHOOPEE! THE MIKE BLUNDERS ON!

— AND WE DO MEAN FOO —

WHOOPEE!

— the —

THE IDES OF MARCH.

VOL. GOO NO. FOO.

NOV SCHMOZ KA POP!

**"SPRING TRANCE" SHOCKS
MID-VICTORIAN FOGEYS.**

On Friday and Saturday last, "SPRING TRANCE" by Philip Berry, was presented by the Vic College Players Club. (Sidney G. Petite, Hon. Pres.) Older members of the audience were outraged by the free language and episodes in this modern play of College Life.

Phrases such as "To Heck with you!", "I don't give a darn!", and "My Gosh woman!" brought crimson flushes to the faces of many staid Victorian dowagers.

An intimate scene, (the shocking details of which we cannot reveal here) between Gloria Patterson and Robert Hemmingsen brought gasps from the parents and applause from the students.

But the last straw (which would have broken any camel's back) and the crowning triumph of the evening was the dramatic scene in which Prof. Beckett, played by Don Sturrock, uttered the fatal words, "I am about to become a Godfather!" at this ghastly confession, large crowds of Victorians could be seen directing their wheel chairs towards the nearest exit. Their places were immediately taken by hordes of chattering college students who shouted, "Make it quintuplets!"

In an interview after the play, Mr. J. Sunislow (notorious author of 'College Life' which appeared in a local paper a few weeks back) viciously condemned the low moral standard of H. Parrott, the Lippincott

**STUDENTS TELL ALL!
PROFS. BARE LIVES**

The following students and professors expressed their opinions of this year's session in the following manner:

- J. Roger Meredith - "Quiet, Miss Cann has a lecture in here."
- Mr. Pettit - "Well what did you think of the play, wasn't it good?"
- Jack Williams - "Where's that other penny gone?"
- Prof. Wallace - "This is rather an interesting derivation."
- Betty Lindsay - "Aw ... you kids!"
- Bruce Micklebough - "Well, if I'd been president."
- Miss Humphrey - "I really want you to get enthused about Milton."
- Bob Hemmingsen - "See you next year"
- Kay Sceats is not yet on speaking terms with the Microscope.
- Aimee Heddle - "Come here Buttercup"
- Gerry Patterson - "Well, if you really, really want to know."
- Miss Cann - "When I was in Greece I saw the most beeeautiful statue!"
- Prof. Farr - "That isn't my theory!"
- Bill Sloan -- "Well boys I guess I'll throw another party."
- Wally Friker -- "What! Another? I haven't recovered from the last one."
- Bob McKean -- "This is good stuff I've got to get this"
- Frank Turley -- "It was a swell race"
- Pat Watson -- "Don't forget, boys, make this issue hot."
- Korn MacMartin -- "Down with the honour system".
- Mary Higgins -- "Gosh, Cynthia, I've lost my camera!"
- Dick Holden -- "What! No women?"
- Pierre Berton -- "Girls! Girls! where are you girls?"

(cont'd p. 2 col 2.)

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page 2.



Attacks looseness
of College play.

2



Frank Capra in
pensive mood over
latest production

S



Watching a hop-
scotch tourney.

Why the boys
left the farm.



~



Not allowed in
this room.

~

Why didn't we
take Zoo.



X



Caught in the Library



Watching an
explosion in
the Chem. Lab.

POISONALS

Long John Gals-
worthy working
on latest novel.



1-38

CRAIG DARROCH STUFF BY ANATOLE

COMBINATION, REQUIEM, VALEDICTORY, & FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

Well,
This is the end,--
It's all over but the exams,
(I wish they were over),
I'm gonna write this pome
In blank verse,
It's much easier
Than rhyming.
Anyway if Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth
Etc.
Could do it,
So can I.

It's been a good year,
So far. (Dramatic Irony)
Looking back,
I can remember
Several things
Of note:
The S.C.M. Party -- well
The less I say about it
The better.
The M.D.C. -- was fun
Parrott hasn't got the joke yet.
The Students Council had a tuff time
What with remarks
By Anatole
-- And other cads.
But really
J. Roger Meredith has been a good boy
Tho he hasn't got any sense
-- Of humour.

And then there were those
Pep meetings.
The Microscope
Has blundered
On,
At all of them.

Then there was
The Invasion
And the Co-Ed,
We've almost re
Covered from them
By now.

We musn't forget
The play, "The Spring Dance"
Mr. Pettit has almost re
Covered from it
By now.
I learnt a lot of new
Words
At this performance.

Well, it's time to go,
But just one word
Before I leave
To Emidee
And Jessica

I'm sorry girls
I guess I didn't mean it,
I'm just a nasty cad.

And before I quit
I wanta thank
The Editor of this rag
For only censoring
Half the stuff I wrote.

Good bye, good bye forever
I remain as always

ANATOLE.

SPRING TRANCE

(con from page 1. col 1.)

"Mr. Parrott appeared in every scene
chewing gum." Mr. Sunislow said, "It
is an obscene demonstrations of
College Life of this calibre that
prove my statements.

"In openly masticating the creat-
ion of the Devil, Mr. Parrott contri-
buted to the shocking state of mor-
al delinquency which is slowly but
surely undermining the morale of our
College youth." Mr. Sunislow was
appealing to the Mothers of our
youth, when our reporter slipped
quietly away.

Next year, in order to please
the older generation, the Club int-
ends to present "Peter Rabbit" suit-
ably abridged. The suggestion that
"Little Red Riding Hood" be put on,
was dropped because of the bedroom
scene between the wolf and the
grandmother.

WOMENS' UNDER GRAD.

Despite all the outside interfer-
ence from the M.D.C., Miss Clay from
the Victoria Public library gave a
very interesting talk on library work
It is interesting if you like books
and people, but the hours are long,
holidays short, salary small, and
the training takes a long time plus
a B.A. degree.

J O K E

And there was the dumb mug who
thought that a bird of prey was a
member of the S.C.M.

ABSOLUTELY NO SMOKING!

OUR LEADER



J. ROGER MEREDITH OFFICIALLY OPENS WARD 9.



John R. Meredith, president of the Student's Council of the A Alma Mater Society of Victoria College in affiliation with U.B.C. is shown here just as he laid the Cornerstone of Ward 9.

In an inaugural speech Mr. Meredith stated that Ward 9 was the backbone of the College and that the smoke of this room made itself felt throughout the institution.

Mr. Meredith was presented with a souvenir pipe, which he is shown smoking just before it exploded.

Professor Percy H. Elliot who has unselfishly donated his office for the use of the MICROSCOPE. It is understood of course that Prof. Elliot will be appointed Editor-in-Chief.

WARD 2 ORCHESTRA GETS UNDER WAY

EDITOR INTERVIEWED AGAIN



The above is none other than Kay Scoats, editor of the Craigdarroch. She is shown leaning over Harold Parrott's personal.

In a private interview, Miss Scoats summed up her opinion of the Microscope as follows: Of all the % \$'YY?& rags.



PROF. ELLIOT : " THEY SHALL NOT PASS ! " 1-39

THE CURSE OF THE COLLEGE

Or "GRIDLEY QUAYLE MEETS HIS WATERBOO."
CHAPTER III. "SPRING PANTS."

"There's plenty of gore in a young blood" --Gridley Quale

Synopsis of preceding chapter.--

Gridley Quayle is in de toils of Betty Flimsy and her Women's underhand society.

James Files
The females were coming closer. Quayle was helpless. Gleefully the creatures bore him towards the centre of the room. Here they suspended him over a steaming vat of college coffee. The noxious fumes were slowing eating his vitals. Gridley Quayles strength was slowly ebbing. Then he remembered his bottle of College Spirit. Painfully he pulled it from his pocket and dropped it into the steaming liquid.---A tremendous explosion rent the air. The females scattered, not even bothering to pick up their knitting needles.

Gridley Quayle rushed from the room nearly upsetting Don (Alley) Stirrup who was wheeling a baby carriage upstairs. Gridley Quayle took the proffered cigar, muttered "Congratulations" and dashed into the library.

Here he came into forcible contact Professor Sydney G. Petticoat. "Stop" shouted Professor P. "Have you seen the play ". "No" said Quayle . "You filthy Cad," said the professor and picking up a copy of Websters International Dictionary and hurling it at him. Quayle ducked and retreated across the room, stumbling over Foo Chreesty, and a companion. Suddenly he heard a sound behing him.

Turning he saw 4 Ward 2'ers advancing. They were methodically painting the floor. Momentarily dazzled by the terrible scarlet colour, Quale hesitated. Too late he realized his fate. HE WAS BEING SLOWLY PAINTED INTO A CORNER.

Quayle realized that he must ACT. Breaking a nearby window, he jumped over the form of Mickle-

berry Fin, who was attempting to insert Communist propaganda between two copies of "Mein Kampf" and breaking a window, jumped into space.

Looking up he saw the FIEND, leering at him. Gridley Quayle swore loudly and deeply. "You are not rehearsing the College Play now" cackled the Fiend.

He produced the torn copy of an old Annual and commenced to read it in a monotonous tone. Then Quayle realized the terrible torture that he was being subjected to. When the fiend reached the 37th personal Quayle could stand it no longer. "STOP" he shrieked.

"Very well" said the fiend, "we'll try a change. He produced a little bottle from his pocket. "This", he said, "is called Ben Hur. The zoo lab. students use it because it is the only thing that overcomes the dogfish odor".

But Gridley Quayle had removed his usual bottle of college spirit. He tossed it at the Fiend, and fought his way toward the door....

EPILOGUE

a.e., after exams.

All was silent in the college except for the low murmur from the library made by students studying for supps. But the corridors of the old castle were deserted. The Glee Club had scattered across the country and their sounds of anguish had long since died away. The M.D.C had gone up in a final blaze of glory. H. Benito Parrott had hibernated to his gas station. The Council had abdicated. J. Roger Meredith was home cleaning his grey flannels. Ally Sturrock had settled down to a home life of paternity. Jack Williams was still trying to balance the budget. The ward 2'ers were still waiting for the paint to dry on their floor. The Annual Board was still chasing the Microscope staff across the continent.

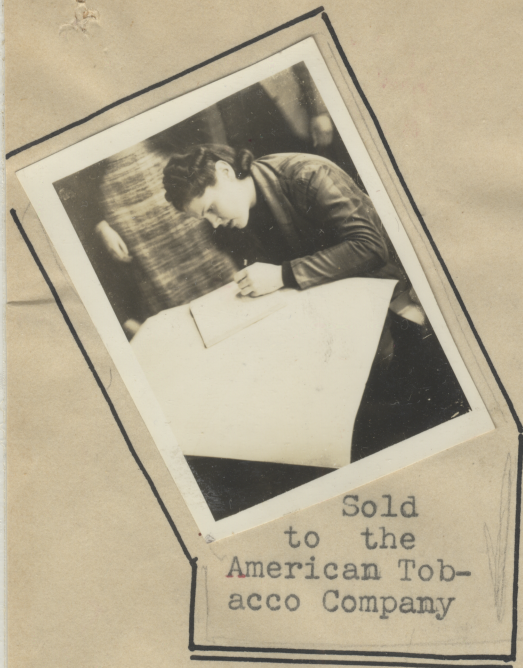
Not a leaf quivered in the hall. Not a soul moved. Then a dark form could be seen slinking around the corner. it was Gridley Quayle. He was still searching for the Fiend.

THE END.

1-39B

GOOD BYE - GOODBYE - FOREVER !

page 6.



Sold
to the
American Tob-
acco Company



Who wouldn't
be in the Play-
ers Club.



Sloan
slants on
sports.



Unlucky in bad-
minton .. & love.



Beauty and the Beast.



Training on
Three Star.



W.U.S. gets a sun tan



The Winner
(see page 7)

ROGUES' GALLERY

The morning
after.



1-40

EDITORIAL

Woo-Woo

AND WE 30 MEAN
WOO!

It is with a weary heart and a heavy hand that we take up for the last time our pen and write our last editorial. (The heck it is we've been waiting for this issue for three months.) Maybe we have never written an Editorial-but we've had fun pretendin'. But now it is all over, finished, done, and completed there will be no more Microscope blunders- there will be no more censorship from the little back room on the third floor landing. There will be no more students writing for these columns- There will be no more anything- except sups. We can not go on our hearts are in the right place.

Thanks for the memories
Of Presidents running upstairs
Minding other people's affairs
Of ward 9ers packing chairs.
Of all sorts of things but who cares
Thank you so much.

Thanks for the memories
Of the S.C.M. party one nite
Boy was the womens Commons a site
The Pres. was so mad he was white
Oh thank you so much.

Thanks for the Microscope
The stuff we didn't print
Because it had a shady tint.
The Council thought it stunk.
Meredith said Parrott you skunk.
Right now it's fun
When everythings done
Though in April we may flunk
Oh thank you so much.

Thanks for the memories.
We wish we had the chance
To help get Tyhursts pants.
The smoke was fine
Up in ward 9
During the Rugby Dance
Oh thank you so much.

Thanks for the memories,
Of Annual in a fog,
Of Ward 9'ers drunk on grog,
Of Prof. Wallace doing a log,
Of Professor Elliot's dog,
Oh thank you so much.

Thanks for the Microscope,
To leave you is so sad,
Oh boy is Kay Sceats mad,
This pome is awful bad,
We're finished, are we glad.

RESULT OF WOO PITCHING MEET AT THE NEWPORT TRACK.

The first Race on Saturday March 4, at the Newport Track was fast with a good hard track under foot. It was close all the way with the winners coming down the home stretch neck in neck.

FIRST RACE.

T. O'Grady	G. Stuart Winner
J. Oglivie	L. Fulton Place.
D. Sturrock	R. Watson show

Also Ran.

W. Friker	J. Brown.
J. Asselstine	M. Pearce.
H. Sciats	M. Orme
J. McDonald	J. Waddell

Non Starters

Korn McMartin	P. Watson
Pete Bryden	Helen Woodcroft.
J. Tyhurst	A. Graham.

Left At the Post.

J. McArthur
B. Hemmingsen
H. McDonald
D. Worthington.

Scratched

B. Sloan.
H. Parrott
P. Berton

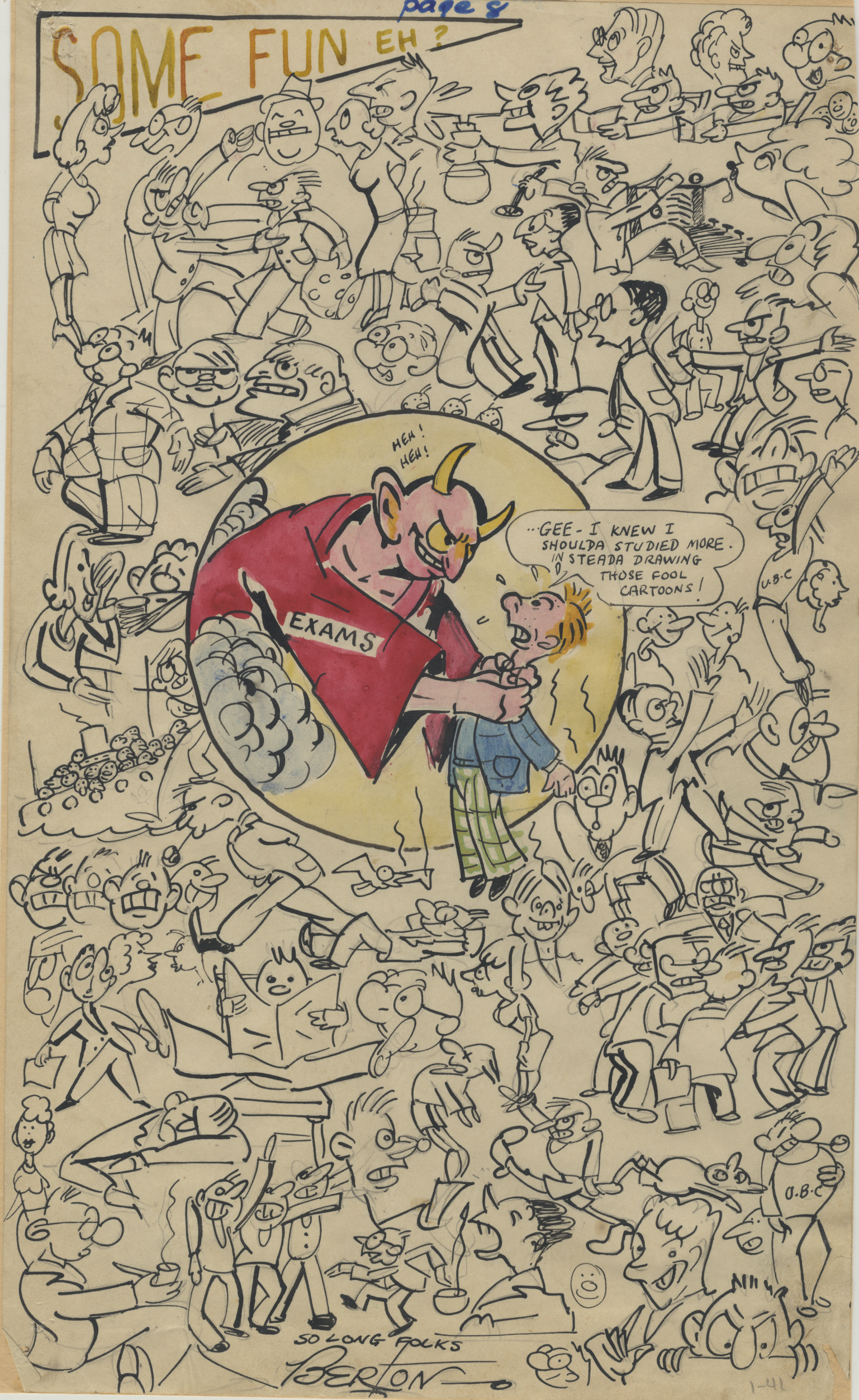
Next meet at Transit Track Saturday, March 10.

Published by request.

Members of the M. D. C. were treated to their first guest speaker of the year at noon on Wednesday. Mr. Frank Merriman of the Victoria Daily Times gave a very interesting talk on how a paper is published and the different jobs of the staff. The talk was of an informal nature and was enjoyed by all present.

COUNCIL - SHUT YOUR EYES!

SOME FUN EH?



SO LONG FOLKS
BERTON

WARD 2 RUMOURED FINANCED BY MOSCOW GOLD.

APPRECIATION BY THE EDITOR

The Ward Two "Clean up, Paint up, and Shut up Week" has been going on like a house on fire (literally). Encouraged by cries of "Communists", "Reds", "Terrible", "Oh, my eyes!" from envious Ward Niners, Messrs. Batey, Ballantine, Evans, Berton, et al. have donned painters uniforms and really accomplished a feat to be marvelled at by all future generations of students. In spite of the ridicule that Mr. Batey has incurred by marooning "Slap-Dab" Ballantine in the middle of the floor surrounded by a sea of paint, the enterprise has not been too heartily criticised for fear that the critic might be asked to do better. Unfortunately, some blind artist mistook the woodwork for the floor and painted a hot-dog on it. Gridley Quayle will be called in on the case so that the culprit may be speedily apprehended.

The editorial staff of the Mike would like to take this opportunity to express their best wishes to the Council. As you will recall, one of the policies of this paper has been co-operation with the Council. But at times, for lack of good things to write about, we have dragged the names of council members through our presses. The Council this year has always been willing to co-operate and lend a hand when we were forced to call upon them. The President his officers have taken all the jokes pushed at them in a sportsmanslike manner, and are to be highly commended for this.

CHEM. FOO.

BY
Paul Parizeau, V.C.'s Poet Laureate

If you do not like to swear,
Stamp the ground or pull your hair
Haven't heard of Chem lab. books,
Balance rooms or worried looks.
If you like a lot of fun;
Don't care a hang if works not
done
If your blest with tranquil mind,
Stay in easy chair reclined.
Don't get mixed up with Chem. 2,
It was never meant for you.

DO YOU FEEL LOGEY ?
UNDER PAR ?
SICK OF EVERYTHING ???
THEN READ THE MICROSCOPE.....
BECAUSE IT CONTAINS AN ANOGESIC?
SODIUM ACETAL SALISILATE, IT FIRST
REMOVES THE PAIN OF EVERYDAY AIL-
MENTS AND THEN CORRECTS THE CAUSE
WHEN DUE TO EXCESS ACIDITY.

COSY CAUSERIES EN FRANCAIS
Madame: Dites a moi ce que c'est
ce que ce que c'est cela?
M'sieu Allen?
M. Allen: Je ne c'est pas.
Madame: M'sieu Stewart?
M. Stewart: Je ne sais pas.
Madame: M'sieu Horne, and don't
say "Je ne sais pas"
M. Horne: Je ne comprends pas.

DON'T MIND US

WE ONLY WORK HERE.

VOTE FOR SENATOR GUFFY - -

AN HONEST CROOK

SUPPORT THE WARD 9 MILK FUND.

TIE YOUR HORSE TO THE FIRE
PLUG AND COME ON IN.

EAT AT DIRTY JOE'S

WE DO WE DO NOT SERVE

INJUNS

OR

SHEEP HERDERS.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED
TRY A LITTLE FOO
REMEMBER THAT THE MIGHTY OAK
WAS ONCE A NUT LIKE YOU.

IN WARD 9.



GRIDLEY QUAYLE

AND SO-- TO BED!

STUALSNO STROPSYB NAOLS.
AND 20-- TO BED!

